



FINE CLOTHING

FOR

MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS!

AT

THE MISFIT STORE,

CORNER 10th AND F STREETS.

(and be surprised in variety of style, reliability of material, thoroughness of craftsmanship, perfection of fit, or elegance of finish, while prices are 25 to 50 per cent lower than those of any house in the city.)

OVERCOATS FOR MEN AT

\$5, worth \$8; \$6, worth \$10; \$7, worth \$12; \$8, worth \$15; \$10, worth \$18; \$12, worth \$20; \$15, worth \$25; \$20, worth \$35.

Boy's Overcoats at

\$12, worth \$15; \$15, worth \$20; \$20, worth \$25; \$25, worth \$35; \$35, worth \$50; \$50, worth \$75; \$75, worth \$100; \$100, worth \$150.

MEN'S AND YOUTHS' SUITS AT

\$8, worth \$12; \$10, worth \$15; \$12, worth \$20; \$15, worth \$25; \$20, worth \$35; \$35, worth \$50; \$50, worth \$75; \$75, worth \$100; \$100, worth \$150.

BOYS' & CHILDREN'S SUITS AT

\$5, worth \$8; \$6, worth \$10; \$7, worth \$12; \$8, worth \$15; \$10, worth \$18; \$12, worth \$20; \$15, worth \$25; \$20, worth \$35; \$35, worth \$50; \$50, worth \$75; \$75, worth \$100; \$100, worth \$150.

PANTS! PANTS!!

A splendid assortment from \$2 up.

COSSAMERS,

Best made, from \$2 up. These goods are equal and superior to any goods elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded at

The Misfit Store, Cor. 10th & F Sts.

Make us visit and come to the corner of 10th and F Sts., N. W.

JUST RECEIVED.

OUR NEW WINTER STOCK.

Fresh and desirable styles in Silks, Satins, Velvets, Plushes, Brocade Silks, Cashmeres, Dress Goods and Shawls. Great bargains from the Large Auction Sale in New York and Baltimore. Black Cashmere at 55 cents, fully worth \$1. A line of Blankets which are slightly imperfect, at \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3 per pair. Full line of perfect goods at moderate prices. Lace Curtains, Brocade and Crimson Plush. Corsets—Domestic, 50 and 75 cents; Foreign, \$1 and \$1.25. Hosiery and Underwear. Gent's White Shirts, the best in the market, 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1. 3-Button Kid Gloves, \$1 per pair. Every pair warranted. 5-Button Lacing Kid Gloves, \$1.25 per pair. 6-Button Mousquetaire Kid, \$1.50 per pair. Flannels, Cloaking Cloth, Silk Henriettes, &c. Grand opening of our New Shawl and Cloak Department. Great bargains. L. DEBEND'S BALTIMORE STORE, 908 Seventh Street, N. W.

JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852,

937 Pennsylvania Avenue, Near Tenth Street

PIANOS AND ORGANS

For Sale at Reasonable Prices, on Easy Terms

Tuning, Repairing and Moving promptly attended to. Cornets, Violins, Flutes, Guitars, and everything in the music line for

CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.

937 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

THE ORIGINAL

LONDON MISFIT STORE,

912 F STREET, OPPOSITE MASONIC TEMPLE.

RESULT OF EXCESS.

Overproduction and backwardness of trade in many sections have terminated in misfortune to manufacturers in general, who, to secure ready cash, have been compelled to part with their accumulated stocks at great concession of prices as the following offering of

ALL WOOL CASSIMERE SUITS

Will best illustrate. 500 Cassimere Suits purchased this week from one of the leading manufacturers, and which we offer at from \$3.50 to \$5.00 under the regular price per garment. Overcoats in 50 different styles, including Melton \$3.50, former price \$9; Fine Cassimere \$7, former price \$15; elegant Blue Cassimere \$11.25, former price \$19; Magnificent satin-lined Chinchillas at \$14.50, former price \$30. Boys' and Children's Clothing at 50 per cent. Below the regular price. Pants from \$1 up. Gossamer coats from \$1.50 up.

ORIGINAL LONDON MISFIT STORE,

912 F Street, Opposite Masonic Temple, SIX DOORS FROM NINTH STREET.

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS

THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME

STRONG SIMPLE SILENT

SEWING MACHINE

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR HAS MORE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ALL OTHER SEWING MACHINES COMBINED

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. 30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

CHICAGO, ILL. ORANGE, MASS. AND ATLANTA, GA. FOR SALE BY

Eight years ago Virginia City and Gold Hill, Nev., adjoining each other and practically one town, had 35,000 population. There were merchants doing business with a million capital. There were private houses that cost \$100,000 to build and furnish. There were stamp mills and mining structures that cost \$500,000 each. There were three daily newspapers, and a hotel that cost \$80,000. Among the people were a score or more men worth from \$300,000 to \$500,000. Mackay and Fair both lived there. There were three banks, a gas company, a water company, a splendid theatre, and a costly court house. Eight years have passed, and the town is a wreck. The 35,000 people have dwindled to 1,000; the banks have retired from business; the merchants have closed up and left; the hotel is abandoned; the gas company is bankrupt, and scores of costly residences have either been taken to pieces and moved away or given over to bats. Real estate cannot be given away for taxes. Nothing can be sold that will cost its worth to move away. The rich men have all gone. Those who remain are the miners, their superintendents, and the saloon men and gamblers. The mines are worked out.

According to the statement of the vice-director of the Rio Janeiro faculty of medicine it appears that in Brazil where great quantities of coffee are used, and where all the inhabitants take it many times a day, alcoholism is completely unknown. It is further stated that the emigrants arriving in that country, though beset with the passion for alcohol, contract little by little the habits of the Brazilians, acquiring their fondness for drinking and their aversion for liquor, and as the children of these emigrants brought up with coffee from their early years, never contract the fatal habits known to their ancestors. It would seem that the number of drunkards in the country is in inverse ratio to the amount of coffee consumed. A South American correspondence of the *McClure's* confirms the above statements, asserting that the number of cafes in the large cities of Brazil—where multitudes of persons from the highest down to the lowest classes go in to take a cup of that delicious beverage which none but Brazilians know how to make properly—is enormous, while drinking saloons or bars are very few and their patrons fewer still.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Oats raised upon rich land will weigh from eight to ten pounds more to the bushel than those grown on poor land.

Choose the highest and driest ground you have for grapes. A high gravelly, slaty or calcareous soil is the best for grapes.

Remove and burn diseased peach trees. Do not plant others in the same place, or they will most likely be affected in the same manner.

Potatoes, to be dry, should be raised on a light, sandy soil. We know of no variety that will cook mealy if they have been grown in wet, undrained soil.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A shark recently found to the Smithsonian had two small swordfish swords penetrating its head. They were broken short off.

Three large stones having deeply indented footprints of birds have been taken from the quarries in Portland, Ct., 300 feet below the surface.

Both E. Meiss and T. Roemer assert that the soja bean, which has been but recently imported into Europe from Japan, is a very valuable fodder, being exceedingly rich in fatty constituents.

The revolution of eclipses was calculated by Calippus, 335 B. C. The Egyptians asserted that they had observed 729 eclipses of the sun, and 832 of the moon before the time of Alexander who died 323 B. C.

A new mineral, named "Richellite" by G. Cisero and G. Despret, has been obtained from Richelle, near Vise, Belgium. It occurs in large masses, cream yellow in color at first, but afterward changes to an ochre yellow.

In the museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, is a nest built of seaweed by a fish called the Antennarius. The nest is about the size of a base ball, and is bound together with glutinous bands from the fish. The eggs can also be seen and look like white oval seeds.

If in the window shutter of a dark room you open a small aperture, and look in the jet of light as it streams through the room, you will discover that the air is full of floating motes. The air of our houses, says Dio Lewis, is always crowded with these. In their ordinary condition they are not harmful, but after they have been exposed to contact with a heated furnace they do poison us. Millions of these carbonized particles come from the stove or furnace to poison our lungs and blood.

A Tonquin Legend.

There was once a king of that country so well skilled in magic as to make a bow of pure gold, whose arrows never failed of dafting death, and which, therefore, was a sure guarantee of perpetual victory. This king being attacked by another easily defeated the aggressor. The daughter of the conqueror married the son of the conquered king; and the husband prevailed on his wife to obtain possession of the bow and substitute another just like it in its place. This she did in ignorance of its virtues, but the result was that her father was conquered in his turn and compelled to fly. A demon informing him of the source of his misfortune, he seized his daughter and, drawing his scimitar, prepared to kill her, but before he did so he had time to predict that in order to afford to future ages an enduring proof of her innocence, the blood that he shed should be turned into pearls. And so it was, for the spot where she was slain is still the place where men discover the loveliest and fairest pearls.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Senator Frye's Titles.

Senator Frye tells the following story at the expense of himself: "While attorney general, I left the capital to take an early departure on an outgoing train. Hardly had I left the steps of the state-house before I was accosted with 'Good morning, General.' 'Good morning, sir,' came the reply. Again, further on, 'Good morning, Major.' 'Good morning, sir,' came the answer as before. On, and I was addressed by another: 'Good morning, Colonel.' 'Good morning, sir.' Again the fourth party greeted me: 'Good morning, Mr. Frye.' 'Good morning, sir,' replied I; and I was puzzled. The declaration of so many titles made me wish the matter might be righted. Soon it was in the form of a blushing youth from the woods, unknown, but who approached me with the appellation of school days and college life, as he shouted, 'How are yer, Bill?' 'Good morning, sir.'

The Road to Wealth.

At a recent meeting of clergymen in Chicago, Rev. W. A. Crow made some remarks upon the prospects of the rising generation's future as wealthy individuals. He said that he thought the reason more young men did not study theology lay in the ambition of the parents. Fortunes were so readily made in business that the ministerial field was a sort of poor-house. It was a great mistake to suppose the present generation of boys are going to get rich as easily as their fathers did. What are called chances, the opportunities, are mostly taken. The present generation of rich men had a deal of good fortune, or good luck, to help them along. They came west or they sent money west at a venture. The railroads and the telegraph came. Nobody knew what the west would be. It turned out to be an El Dorado.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVES.

Mexican Methods Applied to the Apaches—A Big Price for Scalps.

A Chihuahua letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle* thus describes an incident in a Mexican town.

"There they come," said a little fellow, as he raised a yell that fairly made my throat ache to hear.

"And what are they?" I asked, still ignorant of the cause of all the uproar.

"Why, the rancheros and the Indians," he said. "Come to the tower, senior, and see the grand sight," he continued, darting away toward the cathedral. But, heedless of the invitation, though still excited, I pushed my way along to the wall in front of the church, and, crawling to a place made for me, looked as directed, and caught sight of a slow-moving body of men, horses, flags, and women coming down the street. A band leading the procession was performing some sort of wild, soul-stirring march, but the music was hardly audible above incessant cheering by the people lining the streets. Marching steadily toward me, I soon saw the composition of the strange army. Directly behind the band came some thirty horsemen, each man carrying the gun he had used, while his pistols hung from his well-worn saddle. Of all the swarthy, heavy-bearded, and tan-browed faces which looked upon the cheering masses, not one wore an expression other than stolid indifference. The furious welcome, manifested in a hundred different ways, never drew even a smile from the set lips of the brave-hearted fellows who had risked their lives for the people's safety. Calmly looking upon the upturned faces, they rode slowly along, as immovable and undisturbed as the white walls of the houses they passed. Behind the ranchmen, who rode two abreast, came eight men on foot, who held long poles, and fastened to them were eight long-haired dark, blood-stained scalp, the proofs among the people of the death of so many hated Apaches. When these hideous trophies were seen, the people grew frantic with joy. Bravos resounded on all sides: men shouted (all hoarse); women waved their shawls, and the excited gavers applauded.

But the scalp bearers had hardly passed before there came the squaws who had been taken. The moment these dirty, bare-headed, homely, half-faced women were seen, the cheering and excitement increased, while the boys in the streets pressed hard against the guards and tried to strike at the wives of those who had killed and tortured their parents, brothers and sisters. Some of the prisoners held their nursing babies in their arms, and heeded only them. The big-eyed nurslings, held as lovingly by their wild mothers as ever the women of civilization hold their young in time of danger, cried with fear, and even the food their mothers gave them so piteously did not serve to comfort them. It was enough to make the heart ache to see these ignorant mothers, hated and struck at because born in a wilderness and the wives of savages, caress their children to their breasts and hold them away from the cruel hands outstretched to strike. And yet so hated is an Apache that every wall was hailed with joy by the friends of the victors. I saw not one face among all the mothers there that had pity written upon it. Women held their children up to see the ragged squaws, and laughed at the unhappy wives and cursed them. Chihuahua forgot its Sunday and the people forgot their religion. The cathedral stood near by, the air was soft and beautiful, and still not one mother's heart apparently pitied or prayed for the unfortunates who marched to a living death with the scalp of their husbands swinging before them.

"An hour later, when the city was enjoying its Sunday evening quiet, I met the Consul of the United States and asked him what became of the captured women.

"They are to be confined," he fort at Vera Cruz for life."

"And the children?"

"They are given to *Wicame* wants them, and are brought up as servants."

"Slaves, then, you mean?"

"Hardly that. They will be paid wages when they earn them, and such lives will be better for them than if they had been captured."

"What is done with the scalps?" I asked.

"The scalps? Why, the government buys them. Every one brings \$200. The Apaches have long been the scourge of northern Mexico.

An octopus, on exhibition recently in a San Francisco market had a radial spread of 27 1-2 feet. Such an animal is reported to have killed an Indian woman at Sitka several years ago. They form part of the bill of fare of the Italian and French population of California, and are said to be quite up to frogs.

THE DEADLIEST DRUG.

Some New Points on Prussic Acid and Its Powers.

"I will wager \$1,000 that it was not prussic acid," said a medical man who had read an article about the death of a cat from prussic acid mentioned in the *Cleveland Ohio Press*.

"What is prussic acid worth?" was asked of the chemist at a wholesale drug store.

"We never sell it," was the response. "It is not an article of commerce. Scheur, the Swedish chemist who discovered chlorine, Scheur's green, &c., was found dead in his laboratory, about which there lingered a peculiar, pungent smell. When one has eaten a fresh peach and cracked the pit he will get a faint odor that resembles prussic acid, although the smell of this acid is slightly sweeter. It can also be found in bitter almonds.

"Some housewives, in preserving peaches, add a few pits to the concoction by way of improving the flavor. It may sound extravagant, but it is nevertheless a fact that the improvement of the condiment is due partly to prussic acid. It is in such minute quantities, however, that it is not injurious to health. Indeed, what is commonly called prussic acid is given as a medicine. It is really hydrocyanic acid, two parts of the acid to ninety-eight parts of water."

Prussic acid is the most deadly of all poisons, and the fumes would instantly kill the person who inhaled it. It is not known just what the symptoms attending the death are, for the victim dies too suddenly to manifest any. There appears to be a sort of suffocation and a general paralysis. Hydrocyanic acid is sometimes taken internally with suicidal intent and death is almost instantaneous, the blood taking up the acid wonderfully quick. It is as colorless as water. A tragic story of a strange duel between a medical man and his rival in a beautiful New Orleans woman's affections, many years ago, is told. The medical man, who had the right to choose the weapons, selected the deadly poison before mentioned. Two pills were made, one harmless, the other containing enough poison to kill a dozen men. The dentist threw dice for the first choice of the pills. The medical man, pale but firm, swallowed one and his rival the other. Then the medical man saw his rival make a move, as if to place his hand on his heart, while a look of horror came over his face. The doctor turned away, unable to witness the terrible sight. Almost before he could turn on his heel his rival dropped dead.

Inventors of Reapers and Mowers.

Pliny the Elder, the great Roman naturalist and historian, born A. D. 23, describes a reaping machine used by Lowland Gauls; consisting of a wagon with a row of sharp, comb-like teeth projecting outward from the rear of the wagon-box. This was pushed against the grain by an ox hitched in the shafts with its head towards the wheels. A somewhat similar rude contrivance was used with little success in England about 100 years ago. Both these machines are clumsy healers. The first English patent for a reaping machine was issued to a Mr. Boyce in 1799, and between that time and 1823 at least seven individuals or firms experimented in this direction, one of the inventors being the present Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Gladstone, who took out a patent in 1806. In America, French & Hawkins took out a patent in 1803, Mr. Comfort in 1811, Mr. Ten Eyck in 1825, and Cope & Hooper the same year. A Rev. Patrick Bell, of Scotland, invented a rude harvester in 1828-29 so imperfect that it failed to command public attention, or gain the confidence of farmers even of the immediate neighborhood. Beyond any reasonable question the first successful mowing machines were those of the Manning patent, 1831, and the Ketchum patent of a little later date, and the first successful harvesters were those patented by Obad Hussey, of Cincinnati, and C. H. McCormick, of Chicago. Of these, the Hussey machine was made in 1833, and the McCormick in 1834.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Made Ill from Sight of Stripes.

Dr. Ferguson, in the *Medical News* writes of a remarkable case of astigmatism. A lady was seized with retching and vomiting whenever she looked at stripes. She became ill after ironing a striped shirt, and always left this shirt until the last, so that she might lie down when she had finished her work. One day, when she called for medical treatment, the doctor had on striped pantaloons and a striped cravat, and she became so sick that he had to cover over these articles of clothing before he could examine her eyes. Suitable glasses so relieved her that she afterward looked upon the stripes with perfect composure.

Virtue Victorious.

I watched the circle of the eternal years, And read forever in the storied page One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears.

One onward step of truth from age to age.

The poor are crushed; the tyrants link their chain;

The poets sigh through narrow dungeon grates;

Man's hope lies quenched—but, lo! with steady gain,

Fidelity doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Men say the prophets; fagot, rack and cross

Make up the glooming record of the past;

But evil's triumphs are her endless loss,

And sovereign beauty wins the soul at last.

—James Russell Lowell.

HUMOROUS.

All miners are not successful, but many dig in vein.

If seven days make one week, how many weeks does it take to make one strong.

"What you need, malar," wisely remarked the doctor as he glanced at her tongue, "is exercise."

A patent iron-collar dealer advertises that any one who uses his invention once will never use any other.

Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive—mine; comparative—miner; superlative—minner.

"I know it, doctor, but my husband is away so much that I don't get a chance to talk to him half as much as he deserves."

"Love," says a writer, "is an international transport." A contemporary remarks: "The same might be said of a canal boat."

"I say No," is the title of Wilkie Collins's new story. It sounds like a husband answering a wife's request for a sealskin cloak.—*Rockland Courier*.

A new style of stockings is called Voltaire. Socrates would have been a better name, and we never did admire a stocking with a taint at the end of it.

She—I am fond of poetry. He—Are you, indeed? So am I. Do you like Burns? She—No, indeed, they are so exhausting. But, then, I am not troubled much with them, as ma does all the cooking.

"Love is blind." Maybe that's why the gas is so often turned down in the parlor when love takes possession. Because why, love being blind, there is no sense in wasting gas to make light for it.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

It is said that at a recent wedding the six ushers were chosen from rejected suitors of the bride. It was a grateful act to give the unsuccessful suitors an opportunity to witness the life punishment inflicted upon their successful rival.

Recently, when a handsome young woman went to a shop to get one of those woolen contrivances that are used for mashing potatoes, and said: "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the cashier to the manager, started to wait on her.

Ventriloquism.

Ventriloquism is declared by an expert to be very largely a humbug. There is no such possibility as throwing the voice to a distance. The old stories of Wyman the Wizard, in which he figured as exploiting such ability in the midst of a crowd, were necessarily fiction. What passes for ventriloquism consists simply of mimicry and facial immobility. The performer must be some distance away from his audience, or he is powerless. Whenever he wishes to make them believe that his voice sounds at a distance, he merely lowers it and indicates the direction for their imagination to take. He can deceive them sideways, upward, downward, or backward, but he never undertakes to produce the effect of a speaker at their rear. To a listener nearby no ventriloquist can be in the least deceptive. Nor is there any truth in the theory that he talks with the top of his gullet, or with aught else than the organs intended by nature to be vocal. By holding his lips as fixed as possible, and avoiding such words as cannot be pronounced without palpably moving them, he assists the delusion. But no man is so skillful that he can get on without a screening moustache.

The Best Life.

The best life has both length and breadth—intense personal devotion to our own line of thought and duty, and a glad recognition of the relations we bear to others. So far from these being incompatible, they form the symmetry of life. He who is energetic and earnest in the one direction best suited to him, and also alive to the joys, sorrows, experiences of his fellow men, is a living exemplification of the truth that the good of the individual and the good of the community are identical, and that loyalty to both is the surest path to perfection in either.